

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

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## Mozart's Magic Flute.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 353.)

In no case could a worthless music have acquired so enduring a European fame as this has. We may then safely assume, that the popular pieces of the *Zauberflöte* evinced a great superiority of talent. They prove that Mozart, in a kind of writing which at that time everybody practised, could do better than the rest; or, as Montesquieu said of Voltaire, that he possessed more of the spirit that was in every one. This is a merit, which is generally sought, but which nevertheless is relative and in its nature conditional, and ceases to be prized in the arts just so soon as the spirit of the artist is not like that of other people. For this reason the favorite melodies, which thirty years ago resounded everywhere in Germany, are only heard in our days as an echo of the past.

At first sight the libretto of the *Zauberflöte* seems the product of a diseased brain, a brain that never was quite sound. Some passing delirium of a man might possibly have produced something as eccentric, but never anything so flat. Think of a fiction put together like a disordered dream, without reference to any time or place in which the action goes on; persons without character and without nationality; scenes which have no connection with each other beyond their shiftings on the stage; miracles, seen only by the eye, having no root in any now existing or extinct faith—all this offers nothing to a man's imagination. Add to this the entire want in the poetry of form; a dialogue of the most provoking triviality; verses which seem borrowed from the devices of confectioners, vulgar and absurd nonsense; jokes, in which there is not a spark of liveliness,—and you have an idea of Schikaneder's work.

But our astonishment at the pitch of individual insanity, suggested by this work, is somewhat lessened when we consider, that Schikaneder was not the creator, but only the continuator; that he wrought according to the law of an existing kind, a kind, whose numerous productions consist of purely analogous elements, and all remarkable for the same stupid unreason, all written in the same low style; a kind which has no name, and which we are compelled, in the want of another epithet, to call the Viennese. Representations of this sort, whose only object is to amuse children of all ages and people of all classes, as Schikaneder very properly expressed it, can never answer without music. The spectators, who can only see, would in the end be wearied by this long spectacle of real and fantastic objects, which cannot after all be imitated in an artistic manner on the stage. To prevent even the lower multitude from yawning, one would have to resort to the dramatic interest, and especially to that sort of farce which is found upon the stage of wooden puppets. But since

Schikaneder and company were far below Punchinello, in both these respects, they had to have recourse to music and to dancing, to supply the place of action, of interest, of comedy, of spirit and sound human understanding. Commonly, if not always, the music was worthy of the text. Street ballads, waltzes, country dances, &c., were mixed up with some transitory mis-forms of composition, after the manner of duets and ensemble pieces.

That was just what Schikaneder wanted of Mozart; and there can be no doubt, that under the hands of another German composer—one, I mean, who would have undertaken such a task—the *Zauberflöte* would have been like the works of which we have been speaking. The part which Schikaneder gave up to the personal satisfaction of our hero, was evidently an unpleasant but an unavoidable concession, without which Mozart, obliging as he was, would have said no. Why did he not turn, then, to another? In the first place, because Mozart, although poorly understood in Vienna, enjoyed already a great reputation even there; and then again, because in all probability no other composer would have shown himself so willing in a matter of the kind.

In so far as the libretto deserves no serious analysis, we have thought it sufficient to allude to what the author wanted, instead of troubling ourselves with what he has manufactured. The rôle of the bird-catcher, which Schikaneder had reserved for himself, contains an allegory, whose sense is quite applicable to himself. The bird-catcher had to be skilful in setting his bird-lime and his snares; for if he caught no birds, the wretch would have had to die of hunger, or else live in jail. \* \* \* \* \*

Beings outside of the actual can only have a poetic life within the limits of moral possibility. Under two conditions only can they interest us: through the distinction drawn between them and us by an unchangeable and deep dividing line, and through the relations which bind them, and to a certain degree assimilate them, with the human race. Just as it is impossible for us to represent spiritually endowed creatures otherwise than under a human form, so it is impossible for us to ascribe to them a sort of intellectual activity which runs counter to the laws of our understanding and which is not consistent with the motives from which our passions spring. The artist, be he poet, painter or musician, reaches ideal truth here only by the union of the two conditions, of which I have spoken. The nature of the supernatural beings, if they are called upon to take a part in any work of Art, must always reproduce one of the elements found in human character; that is, we must be able first of all to recognize in them the collective or generally discernible attributes of the class to which the imaginary individual is supposed to belong. If the subject admits of it or even requires it, one must even bring in a few individual traits. In the *Freyschütz*, for instance, Samiel, the black huntsman, has and could have no other character than

that ascribed to all infernal spirits; in *Robert le Diable*, on the contrary, the principle of evil, which possesses Bertram as an evil spirit, is antagonized and neutralized by paternal love, the sweetest and most touching of all human affections. Personal feelings bring him thus into sharp opposition with the carnal spirit, so that he becomes a devil to be laughed at, and a most singular father, although he is very interesting and sometimes very dramatic, especially in the wonderful terzet in the fifth act. At all events Bertram fulfils the essential conditions of every dramatic person, be he man or demon. We know whence he springs (an important point when we have to do with spirits), who he is, and what he wants to do.

In the *Zauberflöte* all is wanting, even to the fundamental condition. The seemingly real or human persons are mixed up with those which bear a supernatural germ in them. The former have too little body to be real men; the latter appear too material, to lay claim to the rank of spirits. They are indefinite, hybrid automata, with no collective nor individual physiognomy, and stand as much outside of the real as of the ideal. In this way the Queen of the Night, this Juno of an unknown Olympus, drops down from the clouds; she wears a robe all sown with stars; in her store-house she has flutes and magical bells; but she possesses also a dagger for her revenge, and a marriageable daughter, whom she at first destines for a prince and afterwards would give in marriage to a negro slave. As for her three lady attendants, we may infer from their behavior in the introduction and from their cry in the quintet of the second act, that they have at least the honor of belonging to the female sex; but they slay monsters and vanish through trap-doors; moreover these three ladies have but one voice and one gesture between them; their rôle is a mere nullity; their language that of the Viennese grisettes. Whether fairies or simple mortals, they seem to be of no great account for the musician; and yet they bear an important part in the introduction and the quartet of the first act.

Sarastro, who lived no doubt at a time when the law against the multiplying of offices in the same person did not yet exist, unites in himself the functions of king, priest, moral philosopher and miracle-worker; in his regal capacity he is drawn by lions; in his priestly capacity he marries young men to young maidens, whom he abducts from their parents and keeps in reserve as his adepts; in his thaumaturgic capacity he bids the storm to roar and the sun to shine; and evidently as a moral philosopher he has the bastinado administered to his slaves. Of these commingled attributes the music has retained only one, the most indispensable of all; namely, his character of priest.

As to the three Genii (three boys), it was Schikaneder's æsthetic design, when he created them, to let them float through the air suspended by a rope. But who are these Genii? Servants

of the seal of Solomon or of the wonderful lamp of Aladdin? Does the East send them to us? Are they citizens of fairy land, or members of the family of elemental spirits? Nothing of the sort. They are vague beings without names, whom we see come and go like a mail-post established between the states of the Queen of Night and the sun-empire of Sarastro, and who stand at the service of both contending powers. The Genii never show themselves at the same time with the ladies. But since the appearances of the Genii connect themselves with less trivial situations, than those of the three ladies, and since the text of their song contains far less ignoble prose, the composer could clothe them with forms, to which far less matter adheres. He could do it in some scenes, but not always. So much for Schikaneder's marvellous element!

As nearly natural for human persons, there remain still Tamino and Pamina. Tamino, the flattest of all operatic lovers, the stupidest of all princes, the most cowardly of all first tenors, who faints at the sight of a snake, who with a flute contends against the dread magic of Sarastro, because they have shown him the picture of a lady, and who goes over to the enemy on being promised the original. Pamina is somewhat better. What shall we think of a maiden of high descent, a sentimental prima donna, who sings erotic duets with the buffo Papageno, a vile variation of the Viennese Casperl; who falls asleep, to give a Moor a chance to kiss her in the moonlight; and who sets out to kill herself without more ado, because a young man, whom she has scarcely once seen, will not speak with her at a moment when silence has been enjoined upon him! And these are the heroes of the drama.

Imagine yourself in the situation of a musician, whom the poet thrusts forth in this way into unlimited space, and there lets him hover, without ever being able to set a foot upon the earth, or to wing himself up to the clouds!

If we must take for granted a constant and exact relation of the music to the libretto of an opera, like that which subsists between a result and its immediate cause, then we must seek, at any cost, to discover a thought in this trumpery of Schikaneder; a thought which, although deeply hidden, shall on the other hand be of a very high worth, so that it may contain in the germ the entire score of Mozart. One always finds, if he seeks in the right way. And so it has been found, that the poet's thought here was: *The Apotheosis of Free-Masonry; or, symbolically: the War of Wisdom against Folly, of Virtue against Vice, of Light against Darkness.* It is possible that this thought floated before Schikaneder's brain; it would be worthy of him; only it would be hard to guess what worth it could have had for the musician. In the first place the contrast of light and darkness, musically expressed, is not found in the *Zauberflöte*. They who might be supposed to personify darkness in it, the Queen of Night, her three ladies, and Monostatos, have, as I fancy, nothing black about them, but their garments and their skin; their song throughout does not and could not remind us of darkness. If we could offset one stupidity by another, it would be the best way not to take the persons figuratively, but just precisely as they are; to see in them the heroes of a wretched story, and not any allegorical beings, which are always cold in poetry, and in music are

impossible. And what, I pray, is Sarastro with his temple of wisdom, his priests and mysteries, supposed to represent? A sort of modern club, an eating, drinking, singing brotherhood, who practice tricks of jugglery, if not something worse. A fine wisdom, in fact!

(To be Continued.)

(For Dwight's Journal of Music.)

### The Diarist Abroad.

VIENNA, JULY 14. — Having orders to appear at the Police office, of course I obeyed, and underwent an examination, a cross-examination, and an extra do. The official's trouble was to comprehend the possibility of a man — a native American — having crossed the ocean and travelled to Vienna, for a mere biographical purpose, especially the Biography of an Artist. — 16. Again to the Police, and carried a testimonial from Kanajour, the celebrated Austrian historical writer, and one of the principal officials in the Imperial Library, and another from our Embassy, that my story was true; result was permission to work unhindered, and an explanation that, as it was war-time, great circumspection was necessary, &c.

20. Saw Father Heinrich again. I met him last week at a private musical party, where one of his works, arranged as a septett was rehearsed. It is singular, what an affection he cherishes for Boston. He talks of returning to America. "O," he says, "if he could only once hear his compositions adequately given, then — then—"

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant," &c.

According to the Prag papers, the old gentleman had really an ovation there some time since upon occasion of the performance of some of his music.

24. When I was in Vienna in 1851, Aloys Fuchs, a most industrious and deservedly famous collector of Musical Autographs and portraits of musicians, offered me every possible assistance, and the free use of his great collection. Circumstances compelled me to return to America. Now he is dead, and to-day his widow informs me that all is scattered, all the collections of thirty or forty years. Why are they not in one of the great Libraries here?

Aug. 11. There is an old gentleman, owner of a small "Guest-House" in one of the suburbs here, on whom I called to-day, to see his collection of works upon Vienna and more especially upon the drama. In a few years more he, too, will pass away; then where will this collection go? I can tell; some antiquarian bookseller will get it for a song, scatter it to the four winds of heaven, and make a thousand or two dollars out of the operation.

Sept. 9. Letters from Berlin, informing me of the mysterious disappearance of an American, who has been studying music there—the mystery is one which tailors, shomakers, etc., would like to penetrate!—of course I feel proud of my countrymen, and long to get back to Berlin, where the name "American" has been so elevated in the consideration of the people.

Oct. 9. Spent the evening at Herr Ferdinand Luib's, editor of the last volumes of the Vienna Musical paper established by Schmidt. A little girl, whom they call thirteen years of age, Swoboda hight, played the piano-forte. Here is her list, played from memory.

Beethoven Sonatas.

D minor, first movement.		
Op. 54.	Op. 57.	Op. 13.
Fantasia Op. 78.....	Beethoven	
Prelude in C.....	Bach	
Fugue.....	Handel	
Gigue.....	Bach	
Fantasia.....	Herr	
Impromptu (exquisite).....	Schubert	

Besides some pieces for four hands with Fräulein Luib. [I have heard her repeatedly since, and with even new astonishment.]

Oct. 13. Of the amount of "private music," that is, Trio, Quartet, and Quintet parties, meeting regu-

larly for the mere love of music, here in Vienna, a stranger can have little idea. It is the custom in Germany, if a child shows a talent and taste for music, or for drawing, painting, or any art, to give him good instruction. It is a regular part of his education, as much as learning to read; of course speaking of citizens, who can by any means afford it. I suppose five hundred very respectable Quartets might be arranged here any evening, if there was any necessity for it. Well. Enough of these amateurs have united to form an orchestra of some sixty members, under the lead of Suppé, a fine musician and composer, here resident, and this evening I heard them rehearse Cuel's fine overture to "Semiramis," and Mozart's C Symphony, with the Fugue. Though a bad rehearsal, there was enjoyment in it. At all events it struck me, as I looked upon the many mere youths in the ranks, that they were better employed than if indulging in the evening amusements of many of their own age in the Puritan city of Boston! But I believe it is considered beneath the dignity of our boys to "fiddle," and that our people think money wasted paid for lessons on a violin or 'cello. If wrong, I am glad of it.

Oct. 15. Is not the story of Beethoven and the lock of hair, among the anecdotes in our English life of the composer? How the great man was persuaded as a joke by Herr H. (Holz) to send the wife of Herr H. (Halm) a lock of goat's hair? This evening was invited to the house of the latter to hear P. F. Trios. A very pleasant old gentleman is he now, of seventy years or more; of course his fingers have stiffened and he is no longer a virtuoso on the piano-forte; the violoncellist, too, remembers Beethoven, and tells a very interesting anecdote of him. His head, too, is white. The third in the Trio is a young man, pupil of Halm, who plays the violin parts upon a "phisharmonica," a sort of octagonal accordion, which, to my surprise, proves a very good substitute for the violin. The player is a master of his instrument. This evening we had two Trios, by Spohr, which pleased me better than that composer's music generally, though still not much, and an Adagio and Fugue, by Beethoven, Op. 102.

Oct. 19. A music teacher, Herr Pahl, invited me to his room to hear—what? think you? One of Franklin's Harmonicas! You who never heard one have no conception of the magic effect of the tones. Quick music cannot be played, but the swelling and dying away of the chords, the whole effect, in fact, is so strange and undreamed of before that! One cannot conceive how the extraordinary popularity of the instrument should have been so short lived. I advised Pahl to visit our country and give concerts, but he has better business here.

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Letters on Musical Subjects.

#### I.

#### BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH AND NINTH SYMPHONIES.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Another of the Philharmonic concerts will take place on Saturday, the 11th of this month, when we are to have the fifth Symphony. Not many weeks ago, when we played the fifth and the ninth together, I intended to tell you, how they impress me as to their contents. Now when we no longer play together, an exposition in this journal may take the place of oral communion.

A glance at Beethoven's life will tell us, that the fifth Symphony was written in 1808, the year after he had given up his love, the beautiful countess Gnecciardi, whom he adored. Early in this century his sense of hearing failed him. Growing deafness, the deprivation of the sense which is the principal gate to the human heart for that art, that was his life, his all, was preying like the vulture of Prometheus on his peace. Other affairs did not go to his mind. Reading over the symphony we shall find the expres-



sion of all the exalted sentiments, which, called forth by the events and experience of the actual, the tone-poet transfers by the creative power of his genius into the ideal world. Him, as every poet of true genius, sorrows and trouble only inspired for those works, which form part of their lives, being a piece of their autobiography, that may assist us, not endowed with genius, but with the same human heart beating in our bosoms, better to bear the burdens of life, easier to climb up the rugged path leading to the blessed summits of ideal life.

As in this symphony he writes out his sorrows, his defiance of them, his sufferings and the healing balm of love: so in the ninth he sketches in grander outlines the sorrows and struggles, the sufferings and the salvation of all mankind by the love of brother to brother. Misery and despair, consolation and strong, glorious deliverance from them, are the themes of these two works. In the fifth it is the artist, who sings his own experience; in the ninth it is the sacred seer, as the ancients significantly and beautifully call their poets, who unrolls the great drama of the life of mankind.



Motive No. 1 is the theme, that runs through all of the fifth symphony. Beethoven himself giving us the key to the meaning of the symphony, said of this theme: "Thus fate knocks at the gate of man." In rapidly succeeding repetitions the instruments pronounce the bold theme, an individual anticipation of the grand fate theme, which opens the ninth. If you will refer to volume XIV. of this journal, you will find it on page 403, marked 1. After being repeated through 58 measures, and having passed in rapid descent, constantly increasing in awful energy through the chords of the tonic, dominant, and an ominous diminished seventh, it is opposed by the self-conscious, proud motive No. 2:



in m 59, which is immediately succeeded by the loving, insinuating second part of this motive:



in m 63. This runs on, always with the ominous first motive in its wake, rising and increasing gloriously to a strong, joyous and victorious run in the strings from m 94 to 109, when the first motive, transfigured in the bright E flat major, closes the first part in m 124.

Furiously, in double repetition, the same first motive opens the second part, describing more vividly the struggle with fate, which in m 167—178 is not so easily to relinquish its victim. After a passionate repetition of motive 1 by the whole orchestra, the opposing defiant motive No. 2 tries its spell again; but deprecatingly answer the viola, violoncello and bassi, in m 179—194, when in m 195—239 the first two measures of motive 2, alternately repeated by the wind and string instruments fortissimo, gradually die away in strange and touching harmonic changes. The strong resistance of the hero broken, fate announces its majestic way in the grand return of motive 1, beginning in m 248 the third part. The strong man feels his energies waning and in a touching *Adagio*, sung by the purely intoning, penetrating oboe, the oppressed human heart almost despairing sighs out this question: "Must it be, that the bitter cup may not pass by us?" This elegy in m 268 is answered in the second movement of the symphony, by sweet consoling tones, the first motive beginning with the same three tones. And the first motive of the third movement, in m 6—9, once more brings the whole phrase. Its despair is changed there to a calm though painful resignation. The third part proceeds as the first did. The hopeful and strong

motive 2 with its loving second part is followed by the triumphant run in the strings. Then come again those furious onslaughts of the first motive, followed by plaintive runs in the strings, m 400, which assuming a stern, wilful character in m 407, intraduce motive No. 1 again, thus closing the first movement. Human will, human love was not strong enough to overcome fate; it triumphs.

This is the subject of the first movement of the ninth symphony likewise. The feeling of the fifth is individual, in the ninth it is all-comprehending, universal, gigantic. In the fifth the motives are simpler in their meaning. The motive 2, expressing the elevated feeling of human prowess, is decidedly joyous and decidedly loving. A tinge of melancholy, of resignation, overspreads the more elated motives 4, 5 and 7 in the ninth symphony.

In the ninth the crushing, omnipotent, baneful effect of inevitable fate naturally calls forth even in mad enjoyment of life, and the wild second movement follows immediately after the first tragic development. It comes in like a bacchanal before the destruction of the world. In the fifth the conflict is not so great; it is a single human soul warring against fate in his individual life-experience.

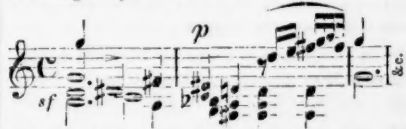
And therefore the second movement in this symphony is a consolation, sweeter than ever loving woman whispered to helpless man. As an angel's voice or that of loving woman, the first motive, m 1—23 sings in compassionate tones consolation to the aching heart and the wood and string instruments, as if assuring, repeat the sweet closing phrase. The second motive, with its warm and loving thirds and sixths, points onward, promising peace and happiness to the doubting, anxious heart, (m 27 to 30), and with a bold transition to C major (the whole movement is in A♭ major) assures the doubting sufferer of a glorious ecstasy of happiness. These two motives in variations of increasing beauty form the contents of the second movement, which ends in triumphant happiness. The poet achieved a truly awful effect in the variations on the measures 27—30, expressing anxious, timid doubt. There he makes the 2d violins and the viola accompany the phrase of the first violins by that ominous first motive of the first movement, in this manner:



It feels like the ghost in Hamlet. The corresponding third movement of the ninth, leaves a sweet, quieting effect on the mind. And though there is an energetic, rousing emotion expressed toward the close, (see vol. xiv. page 404; motive 22), yet the close reminds one more of that very last portion of the Pastoral, which Beethoven marked by the words: "joyous and thankful emotions after the storm." You will find the phrase I mean, in the last measure but 24 of the Pastoral Symphony. In the fifth Symphony the close of this *Andante* is more certain of victory, in the ninth, calm and resigned. The former feeling is that of the younger men, whose hope never dies; the latter is that of the sage, who, though conscious that the ideal will and must triumph, with a calmer mind awaits the coming of the good time.

The tone-poet is not lost to the influence of the sweet consolation expressed in the second movement. But misfortune has pressed heavy upon him. He has lost the woman he loved; he has lost in part the sense, which gave him most joy. It is natural, that he should not at once yield to the bright hopes extended to him. And in sweet melancholy, somewhat moody withal, he breathes forth that question, which we found the oboe singing in the first movement.

More lively, though occasionally with great energy, the first motive No. 1 announces the supremacy of fate, yet diminishing to a *pp.*, as though relenting. The question and answer are repeated, the third question, however, is answered by the sufferer himself in a nervous, energetic, painfully struggling passage in the strings, beginning in m 115, to the end of the part, m 141. He has conquered the demons of melancholy and despair. He feels again his strength, and self-reliant he wrestles with the giant Fate. The part which represents the Trio begins with a joyful, strong and lively passage by the violoncelli and bassi, taken up by the other strings. In the second part of this Trio it sounds as if the bassi were inquiring: "May we feel safe, have we really conquered?" But ever and ever the same joyous strain is repeated, until at last, as a final summing up of all the sorrows in dim vanishing outlines, *pianissimo* and *pizzicato* in the strings, the first part of this movement returns, leading, in wide and ever rising intervals in the first violins with a dominant chord, foreboding good, to the triumphant march movement, which begins the fourth part. For a psychological reason, the third and fourth parts are united here. As the sun breaks forth from the dark clouds, clearing the firmament in an instant, so these grand shouts of victory relieve the clouded mind, and all is good. It is unnecessary to follow the development of this part, which admits of but one explanation. I wish to call back to your mind two things only: the motive



which in the intensity of its loving sentiment, with its harmonic background of the sweetest tinge of melancholy, enwreathed by the zephyr-like runs of the strings, is the only balance against the joyous, glorious, triumphant motives that exceed each other in vivacity and blissful revellings. The second thing I would call back to you is the return of this same motive at the end. Once more a part of the third movement returns, phantom-like, to be chased away again like a bitter dissonant reminiscence in the midst of happiness by the consciousness of this same victorious happiness; and the beginning of the movement, rather its first part, returns bringing the whole to a close by a repetition in *Presto* of the loving, sweet motive, just quoted on this page. Love, the polar star of human happiness, whose kindly wings dispel all clouds, who makes easy all burdens, who glorifies and elevates all mankind, triumphantly winds up this symphony.

In comparing these two movements, which we considered in connection, with the two corresponding ones of the ninth, you will find a similarity in the fundamental ideas. The second movement of the ninth, it is true, offers as an only point of comparison its Trio, where a happy existence within a narrow sphere is represented, while in the fifth the Trio also paints a joyous, lively happiness; but the questions of the suffering man, which we find in the third movement of the fifth, bear a strong resemblance to those stormy questions at the beginning of the fourth movement of the ninth. And if you will bear in mind, that in the ninth symphony it was agonized mankind crying out for deliverance (compare Vol. XIV., p. 411, A.), while here it is a single, though great man, musing over his own sorrows, the disparity in structure and size will yet allow a comparison to be instituted. You will have to remember the same fundamental difference in comparing the last movements of both symphonies, in both of which you find joy, great, overwhelming joy and love, individual in the fifth, general, all-comprehending, in the ninth.

In thus looking at these two works of the master, I think you will find with me, that the same idea:

Struggle against impending Fate, with its consequent effect on every human being, misery and despair; consolation through the comforting influences of devotion and love; returning energy and glorious victory, is expressed in both. In the fifth a great uncommon mind and heart sings out in tones its own suffering and its own deliverance through love and energy of character; in the ninth this individual's sufferings and victories expand to those of all mankind, and as an inspired prophet near the close of his life the artist announces in world-pervading tones the great gospel of human love in a human brotherhood.

We furthermore see the character of each of these works in accordance with the respective ages of the artist, the fifth being written in the full vigor of manhood, at 38, when man yet thinks of himself and hopes for himself; the other at 52 or thereabouts, when a wider horizon opens to the man in the fulness of his experience, and when the happiness of his race becomes nearer to his heart than his own individual existence.

Hoping that you enjoy the fifth the better for my calling your attention to some points in it, good bye.

February 4, 1860.

G. A. SCHMITT.

### The Blind Negro Boy Pianist.

There is in Savannah, Ga., a negro boy, of whose wonderful powers the *Charleston Courier*, of Jan. 24, says:

He strikes the keys with all the confidence of one largely gifted with the musical faculty, who had devoted many years to the cultivation of the talent. His manipulation is most graceful, his touch is now exquisitely delicate, and then all the strength of his frail body is thrown into his hands, and he strikes the instrument with impassioned earnestness.

In his execution he not only reproduces the piece with perfect fidelity, giving every note its sound, but the style of the performer is likewise exactly imitated. Several of our most distinguished musicians performed in Tom's hearing long and complex operatic pieces, and the Heaven-taught boy reproduced them without committing a single mistake.

We might conclude that this boy's talent consisted in a remarkable development of the faculties of memory and imitation, did he confine himself to those compositions he learns by the ear. But he not only astonishes by the quickness with which he acquires a piece, no matter how long and difficult, but he improvises with readiness and fluency. On the occasion of which we speak, Tom was directed by his master to play an original piece, and he complied with cheerful readiness. He composed with all the ease and confidence that mark the finest orator in the use of words.

These original compositions increase the wondering interest excited by the performance of this prodigy, and force us to look upon him as one possessed of that rare and strange gift termed genius.

We have alluded to the exquisitely graceful touch of this lad, but what we have said concerning his manipulation gives no idea of his style and manner. For he has a style of his own which is seen when improvising, and it is as brilliant as it is original and peculiar. But it is his manner and countenance that most profoundly impress. When not under the influence of sweet sounds, his face is devoid of life and expression. This is partly owing to blindness, but in far greater measure to imbecility. We see a boy with a decidedly African type of face—low retreating forehead, flat spreading nose and projecting upper lip, with every mark of idiocy, we see this awkward and stupid negro led to the piano stool. He takes his seat, but the first touch on the responsive keys shows us that his soul is made for melody. He sweeps his hands over the keys with the air of a master, and then we behold the inspiration manifesting itself in his countenance and movements till interest changes to awe, and we are dumb with astonishment. The melody penetrates his whole being. An ecstatic influence flows from the keys into his fingers, and rolls like a tide through his veins, lighting up a fire in every nerve as it courses along. His head is thrown back; now it rests on one shoulder, then on the other, and again it falls upon his breast. A light kindles on the blank face, and as we gaze, wondering, the fashion of his countenance seems changed. It is absolutely beautiful. The divine ravishment increases every moment, and when he is thoroughly suffused with the inspiration of the melody the muscles of his face twitch, and his upper teeth are pressed firmly upon his lower lip. A feeling of reverence steals over us as we behold this mysterious and sudden transformation.

### Handel's "Hercules."

(Edition of the German Handel Society, II. 1.)\*

The project of publishing all Handel's creations, and thus naturalizing them in the hearts of the people, has progressed bravely. The latter numbers of the work published by the Handel Society have proved beyond a doubt that the future of this worthy monument is assured. On the publication of the first volume, containing the oratorio of *Susanna*, a practised pen directed public attention to the importance of the undertaking as a whole, and threw out some hints for the conception and rendering of the above work, previously quite unknown to us. The other works for the first year were—a volume of pianoforte music, part of which was already known in Germany, through an edition published by Peters, Leipzig, and the public performances of artists of repute; and, in addition to this, the pastoral of *Acis and Galatea*, into which Chrysander enters at length, at the end of the first volume of his Biography of Handel.

A third oratorical work—*Hercules*—was issued, as the first instalment of the series for the second year, a few weeks since. There is hardly any other so well calculated to gain fresh ground for Handel's genius. If we look around the circle of those works of Handel, which are more or less known, we shall find none immediately near which, on account of the mere subject, this powerful *Hercules* can be placed. This fact affords a proof of the master's boldness, while the manner in which a subject so foreign to our usual train of thoughts is inspired with musical life, and made evident to us, serves the more to dissipate both prejudice and ignorance, and to establish the universal character of Handel's art. The work treats of the return of *Hercules* to his home, from the destruction of *Ecchalia*, of his wretched end, through *Dejanira's* jealousy, and of his exaltation into the blessed sphere of the gods. The author of the text—according to the short remarks affixed by Chrysander to the score—a clergyman by the name of Thomas Broughton, found, in the *Trachiniae* of Sophocles, a classical model for his task, which, from its nature, requires to be treated with reverential devotion. He had, however, evidently so identified himself with this antique subject that, in his hands, the figures of the heroic world were moulded into a new *ensemble*, perfectly in keeping with the requirements of the story, and, at the same time, adapted in a manner hardly to be surpassed to the purposes of the composer.

The personages of the piece are precisely the same as those of the Greek tragedy. *Dejanira*, *Hercules*, their son *Hyllos*, *Iole*, the *Ecchalian* captive, and the herald *Lichas*. There is, however, this material difference: *Iole*, who, in the tragedy of Sophocles, is only a mute personage, is, in the modern piece, more intimately connected with the plot, and thus not only do we gain a series of the most valuable scenes, peculiarly suited to the composer, but, also, an element essential to the symmetrical and harmonious structure of the whole, as a musical drama.

Our attention is first directed to *Dejanira*, the deeply sorrowing wife of *Alceides*, who has been absent for several months, and of whom no tidings have reached his home. What the sun is to the world, the hero is to his passionately fond wife. Racked by sad presentiments, she bewails, day and night, the pangs of separation. Meantime, *Hyllos* has consulted the priests of *Jupiter* about his father's fate:—

"I see the hero dead upon the ground!  
O'er *Eta's* head the flames rise to the sky."

Such is the mysterious response, which completely extinguishes all hopes in the bosom of *Dejanira*. Already does she dream she is united to the beloved one in the *Elysian Fields*, to part from him no more. *Hyllos*, however, a son worthy of his father, acts differently. Neither the biting frost of the North, nor the glowing heat of a *Lybian* sun, can deter him from resolving to undertake a pious pilgrimage, either to find his father or perish in the attempt. A magnificent chorus, full of solemn earnestness and reverential courage, express their approbation of his resolve. Suddenly intelligence is brought that *Hercules* is returning from *Ecchalia*, which he has razed to the ground. *Dejanira's* joy is as boundless as her grief has previously been. Although her presentiments, a short time before, would not yield to comfort, she now giddily banishes from her mind all recollections of the menacing response of the oracle. It is sufficient for her that her husband is returning, returning as a conqueror, and she rushes out hurriedly, with all around her, to receive him; the herald and the chorus of the *Trachinians* are more moderate in their joy, and, when we hear that, in the eyes of *Lichas*, the changes of suffering and joy appear as day and night, as ebb and flood, who would not be struck by

the idea that the flood of *Dejanira's* joy, also, will ebb, and her delight will be followed by sorrow? We now have a fresh picture; the captive princess *Iole*, in the midst of her maidens, bewails the bitter fate which deprives her of liberty. *Hercules* enters to a grand march. He is full of the joy of victory, and the proud feeling that he has pacified the rage of *Juno*, and, crowned with fresh glory, reached the end of his labors. He determines that all around him shall rejoice as well as himself, and fancies he can easily dry up *Iole's* tear by presenting her with liberty. The rough warrior fails to observe the fearful emotion produced in the soul of the unhappy maiden by his appearance. Then again rises in her mind with irresistible violence, the picture she was once obliged to behold of her father slain by *Hercules* before the walls of *Ecchalia*, and her fancy once more subjects her to all the pain of this torture, until the vision at length makes way for a calmer and more soothing kind of pain. Who cannot recognize in all this the qualities which stamp it as the peculiar property of the musician? And how indisputably has Handel proved himself the potentate destined to take possession of such a subject, and hold it beneath his sway! What a magic perfume has he not cast over the whole, and with what treasures has he not endowed, from out the inexhaustible abundance of his genius, the songs of the young girl!

Let us come to the conclusion of the act, the chorus, "Crown with festal pomp!" This is one of those pieces which pour forth their golden stores without stint or hindrance, and enchant the hearer with their very first tones. Schaefer (*Life of Handel*, page 290) concludes from this chorus, and the march mentioned above—those being the only portions of *Hercules* he has heard in England—that "If the remainder of the score equal these two magnificent pieces, *Hercules* is a masterpiece unknown to the public." We are quite willing for any one, allured by these two pieces, to make himself acquainted with the whole, but he must be prepared to find that the magnificence of the apartments will easily cause him to forget the side-door which served him as an entrance.

The second act develops still more closely *Iole's* purity of soul. *Dejanira*, her breast heaving with passion, now visits the maiden—gloomy jealousy has gained possession of her mind. She fancies it was simply to obtain *Iole* that *Hercules* destroyed *Ecchalia*. On beholding the fair girl, enveloped in the charm of silent and patient grief, she seeks every plausible ground for jealousy, and thus, with busy hand, nourishes the flame destined to bring destruction with it. In vain does the innocent object of her wrath warn the blinded woman of the self-created pangs of groundless suspicion; in vain does *Lichas* praise the pure fidelity of his lord. The dart has entered too deeply, and she who is wounded by it will not be cured. A most true and touching delineation of this suicidal fancy, which, with contemptible delight, produces horrible torture, from vain deceit, in the heart of its victim, is presented to us in the next chorus, which concludes the scene. But away, for a moment, with such gloomy pictures, and let us unroll a scene full of the purest beauty. *Dejanira* has a correct estimate of the charm which suffering beauty exercises on the heart of man! The spell in which she imagines, without reason, her own husband to be held, has seized on *Hyllos*. It is in his heart that *Cupid's* dart is buried, and the fair creature's sufferings, in which the powerful god has dipped his weapon, have entirely turned the young man's heart to pity and love. He seeks her presence. But a deep abyss separates the two, who appear so completely formed for each other: "How can love exist in the sad heart filled with care—and love, moreover, for the son of the harsh man who slew my father!"—thus does *Iole* reject his suit. Then begins the lovely air:—

"Banish love from your breast:  
'Tis a woman's guest."

in which she bids the young man renounce love, and by deeds worthy of his father, prove the vigor of his race. Her warnings and exhortations ill conceal, however, the fact that her heart is fighting a hopeless fight, in order to rescue her from the bonds which are drawing her to *Hyllos*. Is it astonishing that she merely throws oil on the flame? Her wishes strike him as an act of blasphemy towards the god whose power has driven even the immortal deities themselves from heaven, in order to enjoy, for a while, on earth, the sweeter heaven of love; this thought is taken up by the chorus, who sing, in swelling tones, the praises of the all-powerful boy-divinity. *Dejanira* re-appears, accompanied, this time, by her husband; the petty punctures of her sarcasm produce no effect upon his calm and great mind; nay, he does not even take the trouble to inquire the cause of her jealousy. He resolves to give a feast, to celebrate

\*From the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.



# THE MAY QUEEN.

29

*Cres.* *f* *pp*

Behold him, late so bold, behold him, of late so bold, How pal-lid  
 bold, Behold, be-hold him, behold him, of late so bold, How pal-lid  
 hold him, late so bold, Be-hold him, behold him, of late so bold, How pal-lid  
 hold him, late so bold, Behold, be-hold him, behold him, of late so bold, How pal-lid

*f* *FLAUTO* *CLAR.* *CONTRA BASSO.*

*p*

and for-lorn, How pal-lid, How pal-lid, How pal-lid and for-lorn, I  
 and for-lorn, How pal-lid, How pal-lid, How pal-lid and for-lorn,  
 and for-lorn, How pal-lid, How pal-lid, How pal-lid and for-lorn, I would  
 and for-lorn, How pal-lid, How pal-lid, How pal-lid and for-lorn, I

*FAGOTTO.*

would not have.... not have the gold Of Ind, one thousand fold,—To have it  
*cres.*  
 I would not have the gold Of Ind, one thousand fold,—To have it  
 ..... not have..... the gold Of Ind..... one thousand fold,—To have it  
 would not, would not have the gold Of Ind, one thousand fold,—To have it  
*cres.*

## THE MAY QUEEN.

with her scorn. O me - - lan-cho-ly

with her scorn. O me - - lan-cho-ly

with her scorn. O me - - lan-cho-ly

with her scorn. O... me - lan-cho-ly

*Dim.* *Cres.* *f*

*f* *Dim.* *f* *Dim.* *p*

plight, O me-lan-cho-ly plight Of un-deserved de-cay, O me-lan-cho-ly

plight, O me-lan-cho-ly plight Of un-deserved de-cay, O me-lan-cho-ly

plight, O me-lan-cho-ly plight Of un-deserved de-cay, O me-lan-cho-ly

**TROMBE.** *f* *Dim.* *p* *f* *Dim.*

plight Of un-deserved de-cay.....

plight Of un-de-served de - - cay.....

plight Of un-de-served de - - cay.....

# THE MAY QUEEN.

31

No. 4.

WITH A LAUGH AS WE GO ROUND.

*SOLO and CHORUS. SPIRITOSO. Cres. sf Dim.*

**SOPRANO.** With a laugh as we go round To the mer-ry, mer-ry

**ALTO.** With a laugh as we go round To the mer-ry, mer-ry

**TENOR.** With a laugh as we go round To the mer-ry, mer-ry

**BASSO.** With a laugh as we go round To the mer-ry, mer-ry

**VIVACE SPIRITOSO.** *J = 116.* *sf p sf p*

sound, To the mer-ry, mer-ry sound Of the ta-bor and the pipe, We will

sound, To the mer-ry, mer-ry sound Of the ta-bor and the pipe, We will fro-lie,

sound, To the mer-ry, mer-ry sound Of the ta-bor and the pipe, We will

sound, To the mer-ry, mer-ry sound Of the ta-bor and the pipe, We will fro-lie, we will

fro-lie on the green, We will fro-lie on the green, We will fro-lie on the green

We will fro-lie, We will fro-lie on the green, We will fro-lie on the green.

fro-lie on the green, We will fro-lie on the green, We will fro-lie on the green.

fro-lie on the green, on the green, We will fro-lie on the green, We will fro-lie on the green.

*Cres. Dim.*

*Dim.*

*Cres.*

## THE MAY QUEEN.

*Cres.*  
*p* For since the world be-gan, And our roy-al ri-ver ran, And our  
For since the world be-gan, For since the world be-gan, And our roy-al ri-ver  
For since the world be-gan, And our roy-al ri-ver  
For since the world be-gan, the world.... be-gan,.....

*p*  
*dim.* roy-al ri-ver ran, Was ne-ver such a May-day, And ne-ver such a Queen! Was  
roy-al ri-ver ran, Was ne-ver such a May-day, And ne-ver such a Queen! Was  
roy-al ri-ver ran, Was ne-ver such a May-day, And ne-ver such a Queen! Was  
*pp*

*dim.*  
*sf* *dim.* *p* ne-ver such a May-day, Ne-ver, ne-ver such a Queen! Was ne-ver such a  
ne-ver such a May-day, Ne-ver, ne-ver such a Queen! Was ne-ver such a  
ne-ver such a May-day, Ne-ver, ne-ver such a Queen! Was ne-ver such a  
*sf* *dim.* *p* *sf*



his victory, in the temple of Jove; meanwhile Dejanira is left to get rid of her groundless suspicions. She is the only person who remains behind, sinking still deeper in her delusion. It suddenly strikes her that she will employ magic to regain the estranged heart of her husband. She has preserved a rich garment soaked in the blood of Nessus, who was slain by Hercules, and which, according to the dying centaur, is able to revive extinct love. The unhappy woman sends this to her husband. She is not aware, however, of its fatal power, nor does she know that, by her own act, she is fulfilling the menacing response of the oracle. A sham reconciliation is effected. This furnishes Lichas with the subject for a beautiful little air ("Lasting love," &c.), and is embodied in a duet between Dejanira and Iole, being taken up by the chorus at the conclusion of the second act.

Meanwhile, the seeds sown by jealousy are shooting up with fearful rapidity. An instrumental symphony serves as the introduction to the third act, and prepares us for the wild deeds of the latter. After Lichas has announced to the Trachinians the fall of their king, a piece of news of which the chorus immediately appreciate the results, the picture of grief itself is presented to us. It is difficult to decide which is the more deserving of the prize: the portrayal of the horrible pangs with which the devouring poison racks the body of its unhappy victim, or the fearful picture, worthy the models we have received from Hellenic antiquity, of Dejanira, pursued by the Furies, whom she has herself called up, and in vain seeking repose in the gloomy shade of night. In truth, neither of these delineations is inferior to the other; the most we can perhaps assert is—that, as the pangs of a soul conscious of its guilt far surpass all mere bodily pain, the first place in artistic worth must be assigned to their portrayal. Only a short, and very characteristic air of Hyllos ("Be silent, O, be silent,") follows the first of those two pictures, and a charming song of pity, from the lips of Iole, the second. The dénouement is not retarded by anything else, and particularly not by the chorus, which is silent until nearly the end. The conclusion is rapidly brought about.

The priest of Jupiter announces the elevation of the hero from the flames of the funeral pile to the blessed abode of the gods; and, after the happy event has been eloquently celebrated in an air of Lichas ("He who was the pillar of heaven,") the priest, in obedience to the will of Jove, unites Hyllos and Iole, who express their joy in a charming duet. Now, at length, the chorus again come forward, and, in a simple and expressive song of praise, extol the glory of the founder of freedom, before whose heroic arm arbitrary caprice and violence have disappeared from the earth.

It is evident that it would be no easy task to find another foundation so well adapted, by its nature and arrangement, for the hand of the musician to rear his structure on. To the four persons whose fortunes constitute the essence of the piece, so to say, Lichas is added as a support, and the representative of the declamatory character. He partly serves to introduce or bring about, in various ways, the different transactions, and partly—this fact more especially constituting his musical worth—mirrors, according to their moral importance, the dreadful deeds that take place; being less affected by the grief and joy they produce than the other characters. His connection with the chorus is thus manifest. Perhaps it may be allowable, while treating of this particular work, to say a few words on the choruses of Handel's oratorios generally. That the directors of musical societies, when selecting a work for performance, mostly first take into consideration the number and musical beauty of the choruses, is an undisputable fact, inasmuch as the solo parts, and the conception of them—whether justly, is another question—are left to the private study of those to whom they are entrusted. Such a course is not only easily to be explained, but is an honorable proof of the endeavor to accomplish, with the means at disposal, as comprehensive a task as possible; but such a course has been, and still is, one of the principal reasons of a number of the most magnificent works being subjected to the great injustice of undeserved neglect, not to mention the disgraceful mutilation of others, which have still to make their way gradually in their original form. If, in *Belshazzar*, the weight of whole nations, in action, as it were, is thrown into the scale; if, in *Israel*, the chosen people sing the wonders of the land of the Lord, their God, with epic breadth and fullness, before which the voice of a single person must be dumb; if in *Judas Macabeanus* and in *Josua* the same people, gathered around their leaders, chosen and inspired by God, undergo sufferings and do deeds—is it so much out of the way to suppose that all these subjects necessarily comprehended within themselves the elements of their artistic fashioning, and that it is a fundamental error to seek similar

combinations from completely different elements, and a similar structure on quite different foundations? Would it not be worth while to follow confidently the same master, even in those instances when he had neither the wish nor the power to dash in his artistic pictures with so few broad strokes, but when his genius was obliged to work with gentler, more numerous, but wonderfully consistent touches, in order, out of the various individual forms, to produce a rounded whole, full of life and truth? We would have the present work, and particularly the choruses, considered in this light. It would take too long to point out in detail the means the artist's hand has employed, or to enter deeply into the manner in which they are turned to account. Besides, numerous musical examples would be requisite, and what we could give would in some cases be too much, and in others too little; for those who are well acquainted with the work, such examples would be far too much, while they would be too little for those to whom it is quite new. It should be forcibly represented to persons of the latter class, where they have to seek for beauty and enjoyment; they should be exhorted to remember that no portion of the work, however attractive its charms even when detached, can retain its full value anywhere but in its proper order, in the place which the master assigned it. The work is to be procured; let the public judge for themselves.

Tübingen, 26th November, 1859.

G. S.

## Musical Intelligence.

NEW ORLEANS. (From the *Picayune*, Jan. 28.)—The production of Rossini's grand work, the "Othello," in the style in which it was brought out at the Opera House, last night, and the performance of it, in anything like the degree of perfection with which it was given, would be considered a notable event in any city in the world. For the "Othello" is no child's play for the performers. In the forcible style of Rossini the best critics have admitted it to be his *chef d'œuvre*. Those of Naples, when it was first produced at the Theatre del Fondo, in that city, in 1816, called it "a perfect volcano," so full of fire is it, so forceful, so large, so grand. Its demands upon the resources of the theatre are very exacting. It calls for a first class tenore robusto, tenor léger, soprano, baritone, and basso; a grand chorus and an orchestra of the utmost fullness, and it gives them all as much as they can do, with all their individual and combined resources.

It was not until the year 1844 that this great opera was produced, in the French language, and then at the Académie Royale de Musique, in Paris. In this city its first production was in 1848, and since that time it has been a stock piece in our managers' repertoire. Mme. Fleury Jolly "created" the rôle of *Desdemona*, here, and made it one of her best parts. The *Othello* was Duffeys. It was brought out at the new Opera House, with great care and in the most complete style, in order to give the first grand tenor, M. Mathieu, an opportunity of displaying his powers in the part in which, in Europe, he had won the highest honors, that of *Othello*, the Moor. Mlle. Guesmar was the *Desdemona*, Mr. Melchisedec Iago, Mr. Genibrel *Brabantio*, Mr. Petit *Roderigo*, and Mlle. Feitlinger *Emilia*.

Mathieu, as *Othello*, came nobly up to the high and exacting demands of the rôle. He appeared "made up," in accordance with the letter of the libretto:

"Sur le sable Africain, j'ai reçu la naissance,"

and looked it to the life. His swarthy complexion and crisp hair were indicative of the birth he claimed; though we may remark en passant, that his hands were rather too Nigritian to match with his face. His costume from first to last, was gorgeous in the extreme; in this he was all the Moor; brilliant with barbaric splendor and radiant with costly gems, the spoils of many a bloody war.

His singing was in keeping with his goodly presence, and his acting was worthy of both. It would be difficult to segregate from the entire performance a single morceau as being better done than the rest. But we cannot allow the great scene with Iago, in which *Othello* is lashed to madness by "ces discours fortueux" of the wily tempter, to pass without a word of special mention. If there is any thing greater than this on the contemporary lyric stage, we are not aware of its whereabouts. The action and singing, as *Othello* crushes the letter and the bracelet, the supposed proof of his injured wife's infidelity, transcend any thing in this way we have ever witnessed.

Guesmar's *Desdemona* was a fitting companion piece of singing and acting for the *Othello* of Mathieu. Genibrel's *Brabantio*, and Melchisedec's Iago were alike excellent. *Roderigo* made a large demand upon the best powers of Petit, and he met them commend-

ably. It was a graceful act in Feitlinger to accept the small part of *Emilia*, to which she did ample justice.

Flotow's opera, in four acts, "Martha," was performed at the Orleans theatre last night, for the first time here, to a good house and with great success. The rôles of *Martha* and *Lyonel* could not be placed in better hands than those of M<sup>me</sup> Dalmont and Mr. Cabel. They were well seconded by M<sup>me</sup> Philippe and that excellent actor, Mons. Sotto. Mazure as *Lord Tristram* was, as ever, good; he is a pains-taking and conscientious actor, and one of the most useful acquisitions the Orleans could have made.

M<sup>me</sup> Dalmont sang with remarkable sweetness the aria of the first act. The *villageoise* song and the duo with *Lyonel* were rendered with great power. It is evident that the more our fair prima donna is heard the more she is liked by the public; to a pure and flexible voice she adds a chaste style of acting and good dramatic power.

Of Mr. Cabel, we can only say that we are confirmed in the opinion we formed when he made his *début* in "Midsummer Night's Dream." His voice is fresh and pure, and has even more power than is generally found in a tenor léger. Adding to this, entire ease of manner, natural and expressive acting, and a pleasant countenance, he could not fail to succeed. We have seen him in three rôles, *Shakespeare*, *Oliver* in the "Queen's Musketeers," and the part of *Lyonel*, last night, and we have had no occasion to find fault with him.

M<sup>me</sup> Philippe, the *dugazon*, has a good and well trained voice, and is an artist of merit. Sotto is one of the favorites of the public. He is always at home in every part confided to him. That of the farmer *Plunket* is one of his best. The hymn to "Porter" was received with much applause.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The numerous friends of our late townsman, E. J. Fitzhugh, will be glad to learn that the sad calamity which befel him (the loss of the third and fourth fingers of his right hand) will not, as had been feared, disable him from the pursuit of his profession. He has already resumed teaching in his new home, where his genial manner and companionable qualities, no less than his musical talent and attainments, have won him many warm friends and admirers. He is also devoting a portion of his time to musical composition, and we are sure that anything from his pen will meet with hearty welcome and responsive "Sounds from Home."—*Republican*.

PHILADELPHIA. The DRAYTONS are sustained in their efforts to please by large audiences. To that numerous class who cannot reconcile their conscientious scruples with the theatrical performances proper, their entertainments prove especially acceptable, preserving the illusive excitement of the stage with none of its naughtiness. The programme is changed nightly, in one or both parts. This evening "Never Despair" and "Love's Labor Lost." The latter is one of the neatest Protean trifles we have seen. The changes are very rapid and complete, and Mrs. Drayton, last night, kept the house in roars of laughter by her delineation of an Irish girl in the rough.

While Mr. Drayton was singing, by request, the popular ballad "Simon the Cellarer," he was interrupted by the noisy exit of several persons, and discontinued his song, a rebuke which was cordially sustained by the audience, administered, as it was, with perfect dignity.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The *Evening Bulletin* says:—Aloysius Derlesh, a distinguished German musician, died at his residence in this city, on Wednesday, at the age of fifty-six years. Derlesh came to this country several years ago, and organized the first German band of music in this city. His musical talents were extraordinary; he could play with accuracy and ease on any instrument he ever saw, from a jew's-harp to a church organ. He also invented two or three kinds of reed instruments, which became popular among the German musicians. Although quite poor, and obliged to work from day to day for a livelihood, Derlesh found time to compose several popular airs, and also wrote eight operas, which are now performed by German troupes and societies throughout the country, with much success.

SALEM, MASS. The Charity Concert on Friday evening last, by Mr. Fenollosa and his friends, was one of the most truly enjoyable entertainments ever offered in this city. Independently of all other considerations, it was a great pleasure to witness such high development and culture of the native talent of our own and neighboring towns. The selection of music was excellent, and the whole performances

were satisfactory in the highest degree. The net proceeds of the concert amounted to a hundred and fifty dollars—a very respectable nest-egg to be placed on interest for the benefit of Aged and Destitute Women, until other sums follow, sufficient to establish the charity.—*Gazette*, 7th.

## Music Abroad.

PARIS.—On the 7th of January there was performed at the Italian Opera, a new opera, called *Margherita la Mendicante*. (Margaret, the Beggar,) words by Signor Piave, and music by a young composer named Gaetano Braga. The story is taken from a drama written by Michel Masson and Anicet Bourgeois. The opera had a great success, and if newspaper reports can be relied on, there is a new Italian composer, besides Verdi, to write Italian operas. One of the Paris journalists speaks of the performance as follows:

"The drama has the merit of offering good situations, and M. Braga has made good use of them. The characteristics of the young composer are dramatic expression, true feeling, unity of conception; instrumentation well marked, without heaviness; and graceful melodies, at times quite original. Among the most striking pieces are, a chorus of armorers in the first act, an air sung by Graziani, and a cavatina by Mme. Borghi-Mamo, the latter being very fine. The *stretta* is already very popular.

"In the second act, a graceful chorus, followed by a very beautiful duo, and still another chorus, have been admired. But all these are eclipsed by the splendid finale of this act, the effect of which is immense, and which is applauded with transports. After the fall of the curtain, M. Braga was called out amid much enthusiasm. This finale is certainly a piece of the first order, a real *chef d'œuvre*. The third act also contains one of the best parts of the work—a quartet serious and grandiose, like a fragment of religious music.

"The performance was very brilliant. Mme. Borghi-Mamo's *Margherita* is a very remarkable creation. Gardoni, Graziani and Zucchini also deserve praise. *Margherita* is an opera that will not be played at the *Italiens* alone. Every Italian city and every city where there is an Italian opera, will want to hear it. There is already talk of translating it into French as has been done with the *Trouvère*, and the author is said to have given his consent."

At the Grand-Opéra the *Trouvère*, *Guillaume Tell* and *Sylphide* succeed each other, and the rehearsals of Prince Poniatowski's opera go on actively.

The Opéra-Comique gives us nothing new. At the Théâtre-Lyrique, the *Reine Topaze* will be revived, in which Madame Miolan-Carvalho obtained such a brilliant success. Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, now making a continental tour, with ever-increasing success, has just made its appearance at Rennes, and will shortly visit various other great French towns.

M. Roger is engaged at the *Italiens*, and will make his first appearance as Don Giovanni, in Mozart's opera.

COLOGNE.—The third Gesellschafts Concert, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, took place on the 22nd ult., in the Gürzenich Hall. The programme was as follows:—

FIRST PART.—1. "The Nalids," overture by W. Sterndale Bennett. 2. Aria, from *La Donna del Lago*, Rossini, Mad. de Lotig, from Paris. 3. Symphony, No. 3, by J. Rietz (first time). SECOND PART.—4. Concerto for the violin, by Beethoven, played by Herr J. Grunwald. 5. *Frühlingsbotschaft*, concert-stück for chorus and orchestra, by W. Niels Gade (first time). 6. Variations from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, Mad. de Luigi. 7. Overture to Spontini's *Cortez*.

This concert offered two novelties, which the public here, though, as is well known, not very eager for anything new, received very favorably, welcoming Gade's charming idyll with manifest pleasure and fond applause, and greeting Rietz's symphony with marks of appreciative admiration of the whole, the second movement (*scherzo*) being more especially distinguished. The same may be said of the *adagio*. The work has all the merits of an interesting and clever composition, as was to be expected from such a master as Rietz; there is, however, we think, more thought than "dash" in it.

The fourth concert of this series was given on Thursday, the 6th inst. The following was the programme:—

FIRST PART.—1. Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*. 2. Air of Clytemnestra from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* (Mdlle. Emilie Genast). 3. Concerto for the violoncello by Molique (audante and finale), played by Alfred Plattl. "O weint um sie," words from Byron, for solo, chorus and orchestra, composed by F. Hiller. 5. *Fantaisie on a theme from La Sonnambula*, for violoncello (A. Plattl). 6. Cavatina, "Una Voca," by Rossini (Mdlle. E. Genast). SECOND PART.—Symphony, No. V., in C minor, by Beethoven.—*London Musical World*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 11, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT's Cantata: "The May Queen."

### The Last of the Opera.

During the fifth and last week of the Ullman-Strakosch company at our Academy of Music, the public appetite grew feebler to the end. Even the attraction of "little PATTI" had passed its climax. Five operas and a concert weekly for five weeks was rather an exhaustive application. Neither purse nor spirit can endure that rate of suction longer. The worst of opera with us is—the poison at the bottom of the cup, because we are always called upon to drain it to the bottom, incontinently, or never get a taste—that we have to take it in too large and too frequent doses. Once or twice a week, a good opera were a wholesome thing, at once enjoyment and high culture—at least if one get Mozart, Weber, Gluck (shall we ever?), Rossini, and not *toujours Verdi*. But followed up night after night it becomes a dissipation and a fever; exciting without refreshing; taxing the brain, perhaps the feelings, without edifying; until the sense and faculties are weary and one listens with *blasé* indifference to a work as an artistic whole, while waiting for a startling sensation now and then. But when you do get an artistic whole, if you are a true music-lover, if you have the feeling of Art in you, what refreshment comparable to that! how cheap and superficial and disturbing the sensation scenes and moments seem compared with that! And therefore oftentimes the appreciative listener has the best time sitting in an audience neither numerous nor much excited; when the baritone does not roar, nor the tenore make the quidnuncs frantically happy by an unusually loud high note, or by reddening in the face with an immense deal of what is called *abandon*; but when the music is all fine, expressive, natural, in the first place, as say any work of Mozart's or the *Freyschütz*, or "The Barber," and the performance throughout smooth, artistic, natural and expressive, each singer true to the composer and the meaning of the entire work, and not chiefly eager to bring out his utmost of vocal gymnastics before the footlights.

The season closed with *I Puritani* and the third act of the *Huguenots*, (both for the second time) on Friday evening, last week, and with *Ernani* again Saturday afternoon. The last we did not witness, but are told that JUNCA and MINE COLSON distinguished themselves. Bellini's last and finest opera was better rendered than before. ADELINA PATTI commenced with more confidence and firmer voice, and made a beautiful part of Elvira throughout; acting it as much and as well as she could do without overstepping the maidenly modesty of her young, fresh nature. As to voice, the charm lies in a certain fresh and fragrant bloom and delicacy of tone, a fine, sympathetic, searching quality, perfect flexibility, and perfect purity of intonation, rather than in great strength or volume. This must come with physical development and reasonable experience. The danger is—all feel it—lest she learn experience most unreasonably fast. She has saved the opera, they say; she is a sure card, when all else is doubtful; and so it

is a great temptation to a struggling management to overtask that precious organ and the frame in which it is enclosed, and to make a drudge of a rare, delicate talent and a beautiful nature, by an ambitious overstraining to crowd too many and too great triumphs into a brief season. At present she has her speciality in lyric work; we have seen for what rôles she is fitted, the *Sonnambula*, *Lucias* and *Elviras*, who have simple, young affections rather than passions, and whose musical effects are in passages of birdlike florid execution, not at all in thrilling and impassioned declamation. Her function is idyllic, not dramatic. She can be no tragedy queen as yet; nor has she tried to be. So far well; but one must have the power to be, at least one must have an equal depth and richness of experience, to have it in her to do justice to the great religious oratorio airs, like some she was unwisely set to sing in the last Sunday evening concert. Failure there was a foregone conclusion; and the aim of the managers, which was to recruit new troops of (non-theatre-going) admirers, defeated itself, since all who heard her then for the first time went away with less faith in her than they came. We have great faith in her genius, in her voice, in her technical training, which has been admirable, provided she is allowed room to develop physically and mentally, and is allowed to learn to love and know true music, instead of rapidly exhausting her powers and sensibilities in the constant singing of mere fashionable effect operas.

BRIGNOLI was still in excellent trim, giving us his best voice, that night. But however beautiful his singing, however much of light and shade he gives us in his passages at any time, there is this still to be said: He shows small care for expression; his lights and shadows, his loud bursts and *diminuendos*, have little reference to the meaning of the music which he sings; his aim seems to be, not to express that, but to express the peculiar beauties of his own voice and style. He has everything in greater plenty than the morale of the artist; graceful action, too, excepted!

FERRI quavered as usual, but still impresses one as a refined, intelligent artist. SUSINI was admirable; his round and hearty tones swerve sometimes from the pitch, but they are most satisfying—a rich, nourishing quality of tone—and his whole bearing is manly, impressive, winning.

During the five weeks this company have given here twenty-five operatic performances, and the list has included fourteen different operas; to-wit:

Magic Flute: Mozart.....	2 times.
Don Giovanni: ".....	2 "
Der Freischütz: Weber.....	3 "
Barber of Seville: Rossini.....	3 "
Sonnambula: Bellini.....	3 "
I Puritani: ".....	2 "
Sappho: Pacini.....	1 "
Lucia di Lammermoor: Donizetti.....	3 "
La Favorita: ".....	1 "
The Martyrs (in concert,) ".....	1 "
Sicilian Vespers: Verdi.....	2 "
Ernani: ".....	2 "
The Huguenots: Meyerbeer.....	1 "
Martha: Von Flotow.....	1 "

Of these the *Magic Flute*, the *Freischütz* and the *Vespers* were essentially new operas to Boston; *Sappho* was as good as new, having only been heard here once before, some twelve or fourteen years ago; this time it drew a small house, but the most enthusiastic of the season, and it was a mistake not to repeat it. We have to thank this troupe also for really making the im-



mortal "Barber" popular among us; it was a bright work of genius reclaimed from habitual indifference of treatment and reception.

(Crowded out last week.)

The last of the Sunday evening concerts, by the Opera company, was one of unusual interest. A simple mention of the programme ought to show this:

Part I. 1. Grand Symphony, (C minor) Beethoven—the Grand Orchestra. 2. Aria. *Le jugement dernier* (the last judgment) Vogel—Sig. Jansen. 3. "With Verdure Glad." Creation. Haydn—Miss Adeline Patti. 4. Prayer, composed by Stradella in 1590—sung for the first time in Boston by Sig. Stigelli. Part II. 5. Concert Overture, Julius Rietz—the Grand Orchestra. 6. Aria. "The Martyrs." Sig. Amodeo. 7. "Heur ye Israel." Elijah. Mendelssohn—Miss Patti. 8. Romanze. "Spirto Gentil." Donizetti—Sig. Brignoli. 9. Aria. Ernani—Sig. Susini. 10. German Lied. "Du bist wie eine Blume." (Thou art a Lovely Flower)—Sig. Stigelli. 11. Duet, *Student Mair*—Miss Patti and Mme. Strakosch. 12. March, "Athalia"—Mendelssohn.

The Symphony was finely played; the only drawback was that portions could not be as clearly heard in the Theatre, as they would be in the Music Hall. It was an improvement, though, to restore the orchestra from the stage to their usual seats in front. The triumphal finale sounded superbly. Strange to say, little PATTI'S contributions were the least successful portion of the concert. She is hardly ripe yet for such pieces as those two from the oratorios, nor are they to be sung with eyes timidly fastened upon the notes. The other singers were in fine temper and won great applause. The concert overture by Rietz, (Mendelssohn's successor, we believe, in Leipzig), was a new thing well worth listening to, and more than once.

#### Afternoon Concerts.

On Wednesday, (last week,) every symphony-lover had a treat in a symphony new to our concerts, by Mozart. To our feeling it was one of the most delightful, one of the richest in ideas, and in felicitous instrumentation of them all; and we shall not willingly miss an opportunity of hearing it again. Rarely have the Orchestral Union played a symphony in better style. The whole programme was this:

1. Symphony. No. 1, in 3 parts, (First time in Boston.) Mozart.
2. Waltz. Sonderlinge.....Lanner.
3. Overture. Der Freischütz.....Weber.
4. Elogy of Tears.....Schubert.
5. Introduction and Aria. Bellisario.....Donizetti.
6. Allegretto. From Symphony Cantata.....Mendelssohn.
7. Quadrille. The North Star.....Strauss.

This week a large audience attended the fifteenth of these very useful and agreeable concerts. So long as there is a good symphony each time, no one need find fault with the lighter medley. This was the programme:

1. Symphony. No. 1. (Second time in Boston.) Mozart.
2. Waltz. Kroll's Ballkänge.....Lumbye.
3. Overture. Sicilian Vespers.....Verdi.
4. Favorita Polka.....Strauss.
5. Conjunction and Benediction. From Les Huguenots, Meyerbeer.
6. Aria. From Attila.....Verdi.
7. Champagne Galop.....Lumbye.

The Mozart Symphony won a yet deeper hold upon us in the second hearing. In the expression, the warm, live development and working out of its musical ideas, in each of its three movements, it is simply perfect. At the end of each you feel, that there is no more to be said, and nothing could have been said better. The shifting color, with which the phrases were reflected from the different instruments among which they are distributed, springs up spontaneously as if native to the thought. It is plainly one of those things which Mozart, by a true process of genius which he has himself described, conceived as a whole in all its parts at once. This is one of the two Symphonies in D, given in some editions as No. 4, and remarkable among other things for the absence of a Minuet and Trio.

Of the miscellaneous pieces, the scene from the *Huguenots*, as translated for mere instruments, was the one which excited most applause.

#### The Artists' Receptions.

These reunions, which formed so delightful a new feature in the social and artistic life last winter, were renewed on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1, with an increase of interest, and with the new advantage of an exceedingly pleasant place to meet in, namely, the new hall in Bumstead Place, of which the Reception was the first inauguration. A thousand or more ladies and gentlemen were present in the course of the evening, being as good a representation as could well be gathered of the artistic culture, the general refinement, and the personal beauty of Boston. It was a fine company to feast the eyes withal, and all alive with animated talk and beaming faces. Most of our artists were there, as entertainers, both in person and in some of their choice works; and there is no finer social element than that in which they minister. There were some distinguished guests, too, from other places; among them, Mr. Palmer, the sculptor, from Albany, with his friend, ex-governor Seymour, of New York. There was fine music discoursed by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; one caught the welcome sounds from time to time of many gems from *Don Giovanni* and the *Zauberflöte*.

It is impossible to enumerate the interesting works displayed there by our artists; the crowd, the talk, the beauty of the hall itself, continually withdrew us from a close examination. Doubtless we failed to notice many of the best things; but we may speak with pleasure of a charming harvest scene by Hodgdon; a large view in the Rocky Mountains, by Frost; four small landscapes, the Seasons, by Champney; a seashore view, by Mrs. Darrah; a splendid bull's head, by Hineckley; a remarkably well painted portrait of a boy, by Young; a fine portrait, by Wight; a water-color scene, by Cabot; and nice things by Gerry, Ordway, Williams, Scott, Grigg, and others. Among the sculpture we were most struck by Ball's noble bust of Everett. Miss Foley did herself very great credit by a fine portrait bust; and among various works by Stephenson, there was a beautiful head of a young lady, which was universally admired.

We copy from the *Transcript* what appears to be an accurate description of the hall:

The building measures, outside, 113 feet by about 46—one-half of the width being arched over Bumstead place. The main entrance is on Bumstead place, under cover of the arch. There is another entrance on the passage-way to Bromfield street. On the lower floor there is a supper room 63 feet by 21; up stairs are six large ante-rooms directly connected with the hall proper. This hall proper, in its proportions, arrangements, ornaments and fittings, is very nearly if not quite faultless; and for substantial and thorough workmanship, convenience of plan and delicacy of finish, the whole reflects great credit on the skill and taste of the architect, Mr. B. F. Dwight, and the liberality of the owners, who are, we understand, the Fessenden heirs of the Bumstead estate.

The hall, 28 feet high, is on the floor 66 feet in length and 44 feet in breadth; measuring from the rear of the gallery, which reaches back over the entry and an ante-room, the length is 80 feet. The galleries or balconies,—the deep one at the back and the two narrower on the sides, are reached by four distinct stairways, and have for their fronts an S-shaped, light and graceful open iron railing, the scroll-work broken at intervals by lyres with gilt strings. A principal feature is the stage, in a semi-circular domed recess, 27 feet wide, 12 feet deep, and 22 feet in height, out of which three doors open. The settees, calculated to accommodate nine hundred persons, and which can be removed whenever necessary, are of an entirely new style. The frames are of cast iron and the seats and backs stuffed and covered with painted or enamelled cloth. They are easy and comfortable—and, at the same time free from any cumbersome look.

In the architecture of the room, chaste and careful use has been made of the modern Italian style; so that there is nothing heavy, but a pleasing airiness and richness combined with a symmetrical simplicity. No want of ornament is felt, and no ornament is intrusive. The tinting of the ceiling and walls, and the recess that holds the stage, is lively, yet subdued; and the neatness of design, and combination and harmony of colors produce just the desirable effect—

a delicately toned brilliancy. The ventilation is mainly through a perforated cornice running round the four walls.

The lighting of the apartment is well managed. A series of brackets springing from the galleries hold the shaded burners for the lower floor; whilst above, lines of bronzed vases or baskets, around the rims of which jets of gas form wreaths of flame, are suspended by golden cords. This last, we believe, is a novelty, and is certainly a very pleasant arrangement. A body of light is thrown directly on the centre of the stage from a burner concealed by the clock at the top of the arch—the clock itself, by the way, being something out of the common course, with its cream-colored groundwork and gold and crimson centre and circumference.

This is but a hasty and imperfect description of a hall that promises to become a place of resort second to none of its kind in the city. But on no future occasion will it contain within its walls a pleasanter assemblage, or be put to a better use than on its opening evening. There was an obvious affinity between the place itself, the specimens of American art that hung upon its walls, and the company that enjoyed each other's society and examined the collection of pictures and busts.

#### Musical Chit-Chat.

Is it not refreshing to come to Symphony Concerts again, and to the Music Hall? For his third concert, this evening, Mr. ZERRAHN offers us a really splendid programme; if he have not a great audience this time, it will be the public's fault, and not his own. Two noble works of Beethoven: the ever-glorious Fifth Symphony, which the musical student will enjoy the more, after reading the communication of Mr. Schmitt in another column; and the "Choral Fantasia," which contains in some sense the germ of the Choral Symphony, and which has been played here only twice before, once by Mr. Hatton, and once by Mr. Perkins at the inauguration of that noble Beethoven statue, for which Boston is indebted to his generous enthusiasm for Art. Mr. LANG will play it this time, no doubt well, and the Handel and Haydn Society will furnish the chorus. Mr. Lang will also play, with orchestra, a Capriccio by Sterndale Bennett. For novelties, two overtures: one by Schindlmeisser to "Uriel Acosta," and one by Meyerbeer, to his new opera, *Le Pardon de Florelle*, in which there will be a chorus. For an ending, at once popular and in the finest vein of artistic genius, the first finale from *Don Giovanni*, as arranged for orchestra. Is not that a feast?

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, now that the Opera has raised the siege of Boston, announce their next Chamber Concert for next Tuesday evening, in the beautiful new Hall in Bumstead Place. They offer extra attractions musically, too: Beethoven's great Quintet in C; Mendelssohn's do. in B flat; Beethoven's Piano-forte Trio in E flat, Op. 70, with Mr. HUGO LEONHARD at the piano; and songs by Gluck and Parsiello, to be sung by Mrs. J. H. LONG. Such music in such a place should be irresistible attraction. . . . THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are about to take up "St. Paul" for rehearsal.

Here is something important to those ordering music by mail. The Post Office Department have decided that

The proper mode of rating music with postage is by the piece, without regard to the number of sheets in a piece: one cent for each piece not exceeding three ounces in weight. When a piece exceeds three ounces in weight, one cent should be charged for the first three ounces, and one cent additional for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce.

It will be seen that for one or two cents, pieces of music valued at 25 to 50 cents, can be forwarded to any part of the United States. This will be good news to parties living remote from music sellers, as it will enable them, at trifling expense, to procure the latest novelties which opera or concert presents.

"Stella," in the Worcester *Palladium*, writes appreciatingly of the Bach songs recently published by Ditson and Co., thus:

We have also from the same place, No. 3 of the eight airs for an alto voice, compiled and arranged from various cantatas and masses of J. Sebastian Bach, by Robert Franz. It is the beautiful air from the mass in G minor, "*Domine fili unigenite Jesu Christe.*" Strangely, solemnly beautiful! No student of music should deny himself the deep satisfaction of learning these airs and their rich, most appropriate accompaniments, which Franz has treated as if the shade of Bach were close by his side the while he performed his labor of love. For a long time we have had no musical publications so valuable. Get them, study them, whether you like them or no. Some day, if not now, they will richly repay you.



## Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., FEB. 4.—It may interest your readers to know the state of musical matters in Hartford. The Beethoven Society have recently given a very fine performance of *Oberon*. The following was the programme:

Oberon.....	PART I.....	Weber
Harmony of the Spheres.....	PART II.....	Romberg
Gipsy Chorus.....		Bishop
Miserere.....		Verdi
Haste thee Nymph.....		Handel

The Solos were rendered by Mrs. STRICKLAND, Mrs. RISLEY, Mrs. HUNTINGDON, Mr. WANDER, Mr. GUNDLACH, and Mr. FOLEY. Mr. J. G. BARNETT, Conductor, with a very effective orchestra, and Messrs. BABCOCK and WHITING, Pianists.

The Society is rehearsing "The Creation," which will be given in the course of two or three weeks. One of our papers has the following:

At the weekly rehearsal of the choir of the Centre Church at the house of Mr. J. G. Barnett, the organist and leader, on Saturday evening, four of the lady members, who have been in the choir for twelve years and over, were made the recipients of handsome presents from friends in the church. Mrs. Risley, who has been a member for thirteen years, was presented with a handsome set of silver tea service; Miss Jane E. Best was presented with a gold breast pin; and the Misses Charlotte and Jennie Goldthwait each with a handsome mosaic breast pin. Last year Mr. Barnett was presented with a silver pitcher and salver, we think it was; and Mrs. Parsons, who has been a member of the choir for a quarter of a century, with a handsome set of silver tea service. This is one of the best and most united choirs in the city, the newest member having been there for six years, and nearly all the others for ten years or more.

Mrs. PRESTON gave a concert on Friday, supported by some of the best talent. It was well attended and gave satisfaction.

NORTHBORO', MASS., FEB. 6.—I attended on the evening of Feb. 2, a concert given at Westboro' by the "Union Musical Association of the 'borough towns'; and think you may like to know the prospects of music in this neighborhood. The 'borough towns are, of course, Marlborough, with her three daughters, Westborough, Southborough, and Northborough, all sustaining a high reputation for intelligence and prosperity. The Musical Association meets once a month, in the several towns by turn, to sing pieces practised during the interval in each town. It was therefore rather a *reunion* than a *concert*; for there was no previous rehearsal, and of course the time was often faulty, and there was more than one utter failure. But I was particularly glad to see a corroboration of the "Diarist's" belief in the good quality of our New England voices. Whenever the chorus came out with fullness and precision, it was of fine quality, and I could not help wishing that this splendid material (some two hundred voices I believe) could be made use of in Handel's choruses, or the fine old English anthems, instead of being wasted on "Old Folks' Music," as for the most part it was. It must be said, however, that they have recently advanced from the "American Vocalist" to the "Boston Academy," and sang "Great is the Lord," "Corelli," and "Glory to God in the highest," with good effect.

A.

(Continued from page 357.)

NEW YORK, FEB. 7.—To resume my report of Mr. SCHLOTTER's lectures:—In Germany, meanwhile, music was also progressing rapidly. This country at this time was the representative of harmony, as Italy was of melody. France kept the middle, and it was to these three that the whole art was confined. In the sixteenth century, Luther did for German church music, what Palestrina had done for the Italian. The composition of many hymns has been ascribed to him, but there is certainly no regard to only one, the sublime choral: "Ein feste

*Burg ist unser Gott.*" (Our God's a fortress strong indeed.) He offered, however, the greatest encouragement to all composers, and made known his love and reverence for the art in every way. A long line of composers of more or less merit, whom Mr. Schlotter thought it needless to name, appear during the following hundred years, but all these were eclipsed in the rich epoch which commenced, at the end of the seventeenth century, with George Frederic Handel and Johann Sebastian Bach. The lecturer gave a hasty sketch of the lives of these two stars, drawing an interesting comparison between their respective destinies. In many points there was much resemblance; as for instance, both born in the same year, 1685, and very near each other, both blind, or nearly so, in the latter part of life, and obliged to dictate their compositions. On the other hand, Handel was courted and flattered, rich in worldly goods and honors, influential and prosperous, while Bach struggled with poverty and adversity during his whole life—never left his native country, and met with very little appreciation and encouragement in any way. But in compensation, he had domestic joys which Handel never knew, being thrice married, and the father of twenty children, while Handel remained single; and while the latter was proud, imperious, and irascible, Bach carried within him a simplicity of heart and childlike piety, and contented spirit, which made all burdens light to him. The contrast in their worldly standing was shown even when their lives were over. Handel, at his death in 1759, was buried beneath a superb monument in Westminster Abbey, while the grave of Bach, who preceded him by nine years, is to this day unknown.—In France, the regular opera was introduced in 1645 by Cardinal Mazarin. Comedies with songs had, however, been known before. In 1659, under Louis XIV., we have operas by Lulli, to words by Moliere; and by this composer the ground was prepared for Gluck, who was born in 1700. The first operas of this master were built upon the Italian model, but he soon grew entirely original. His operas found the highest appreciation in Paris, his Iphigenia in Aulis receiving two hundred nights. He may be considered the mediator between the Italian and German music.

To be Continued.)

DOVER, N. H., FEB. 4.—A series of concerts have been given in this city this winter with good success, and they have done much to improve the musical taste of the people—a taste comparatively undeveloped. The closing concert was given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 31st, when, notwithstanding the cold and stormy weather, the hall was filled with an audience of eight hundred persons. Mrs. J. H. LONG was the chief attraction. Her sweet voice and gentle and winning manners enchanted every one. Her singing was glorious. Although she has sung in Dover twice this season, another concert is called for, that she may be heard again. The other performers at this concert were Mr. E. H. FROST, Tenor, Mr. P. H. POWERS, Basso, and CARL HAUSE, Pianist. This was Mr. Frost's first appearance in this city, but he was well received and gave evident satisfaction. Mr. Powers in good voice and sang admirably. He pleased every one; Carl Hause won the admiration of the entire audience with his easy manner and brilliant and thorough execution. A strong desire is felt to hear him here again under better circumstances, with a powerful grand piano, of generous tone and good action. The names announced as the makers of the instrument used on this occasion, warranted us in expecting a fine instrument, instead of one dead and powerless. We would also call attention to the hall and its sad need of ventilation. It was on this evening close and oppressive, the effect of which was felt by both the performers and the audience. Some improvement might also be made in the way of anti-rooms for the use and convenience of the artists.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

On a sunny summer morning. Ballad. C. Hause. 25

Composed for and sung by Mrs. J. H. Long. Whoever has had the good fortune to hear it sung by this charming vocalist has kept a pleasant recollection of it. It is indeed a happy hit. Words and music blend together perfectly. It must bring smiles upon the faces of the most indifferent audience.

Meet me, love, when twilight closes. G. Linley. 25

A pretty ballad, not difficult.

Thou' over all the bright green earth. Song and Chorus. R. S. Taylor. 25

Fireside Music. Just the thing to sing and have those present join in the chorus.

There's a star in the sky. Song. L. O. Emerson. 25

In this author's pleasant style. Will be a favorite.

How sweet the bells do chime. (Lui parti in fior.) Duet. "Pardon de Ploermel." 35

The duet of the two goatherds, (Soprano and Mezzo Soprano,) a bright, sunny composition, reminding one of fresh morning breezes and purple-tinted mountain peaks. Unlike most of Meyerbeer's songs in opera it will bear transplanting to the parlor or concert-room very well.

#### Instrumental Music.

Cuckoo Polka. W. R. Day. 30

Dreams of love. Waltz quadr. R. B. Leonard. 30

Spinning wheel Polka. On airs from "Martha." 25

Ilda Mazurka. Celia Sherman. 25

Camp Wilkins Polka. W. P. Howard. 30

Blue stocking Waltz. J. Henry Fleet. 25

Sterling dance-music, of medium difficulty.

Petruchio Waltz. (With a portrait of Edwin Booth.) W. R. Batchelder. 40

A brilliant, though not difficult waltz. The title-page has a life-like portrait of the young tragedian, in citizen's dress.

Gleam of Hope. Nocturne. W. H. Clarke. 25

Melodious and not difficult.

Mignon polka. Charles Mayer. 25

Extremely graceful and pretty. There is something quite original and fascinating in this last "bagatelle" of the Russian Court-pianist.

Third Valse brillante, Opus 48. Jules Schulhoff. 60

After a lapse of half a dozen years, Schulhoff has at last come out with another waltz, a composition in all respects equal to his matchless First and Second Valse Brillante, and destined to as great a popularity. Pianists in want of striking novelties of a sterling character should not fail to examine it.

Aurora Waltzes for Violin and Piano. Labitzky. 35

The original set of five waltzes, in the arrangement of the author.

Wedding March, for a Brass Band, arranged by Burditt. 1.00

One of Ditson & Co.'s well-known series, printed on cards. No Brass Band should be without this beautiful march of world-wide fame.

#### Books.

THE SHILLING SONG BOOK. A Collection of 175 of the most favorite National, Patriotic, Sentimental, and Comic Ballads of the day. 12½

A neat and very convenient pocket volume of the best Songs, both new and old, many of which, on account of their copyright, are not to be found in other collections.

